

VISIT...

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Lucky

Words & Music by Max Martin, Rami Yacoub & Alexander Kronlund

♩ = 94



This is a story about a girl named Lucky...



1. Ear - ly morn-ing,

she wakes up.

Knock, knock, knock on the

N.C.



door.

It's time for make-up,

per - fect smile.

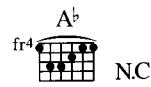
It's

Knocks



you they're all wait-ing for. They go... "Is - n't— she

Piano accompaniment for the first system.



love - ly, — this Hol - ly - wood— girl?" — And they—

Piano accompaniment for the second system.



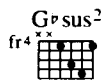
say she's so luck - y, she's a star, But she cry, cry, cries in her

Piano accompaniment for the third system.



lone - ly — heart, think-ing if there's no-thing miss-ing in my life then

Piano accompaniment for the fourth system.



N.C.

why do these tears come at night?



2. Lost in an im-age, in a dream. But there's no - one there to wake her



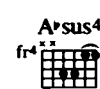
up. And the world is spin-ning and she keeps on win-ning. But



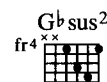
N.C.



tell me, what hap-pens when it stops? They go... "Is - n't she



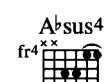
love - ly, — this Hol - ly - wood — girl? — And they —



say she's so luck - y, she's a star. But she cry, cry, cries in her



lone - ly — heart, think - ing if there's no - thing



N.C.

miss-ing in my life then why — do — these tears — come at night?



I, I, ah, ah, ah. — “Best actress, and the winner is...

Drums



Lucky!” I, I, ah, ah, ah. —

Drums



“I’m Roger Johnson for Pop News standing outside the arena waiting for Lucky!” “Is - n’t — she
“Oh my God, here she comes!”

Drums



N.C.

love - ly, — this Hol - ly - wood — girl?” —



She is — so — luck - y — but why does — she —



cry? — If there — is — no — thing —



miss-ing in her life why do tears come at night — They say she's so luck-y,



she's a star. But she cry, cry, cries in her lone - ly — heart, think-ing



if there's no-thing miss-ing in my life— then why— do— these



tears— come at night. She's so luck-y, but she



cry, cry, cries in her lone - ly— heart, think-ing— if there's no-thing



N.C.

miss-ing in my life then why— do— these tears— come at night?